


THE OBSERVER



MAY, 1925



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Spring Days



Gentle Spring put on her bonnet
With the pussywillows on it,
Then she blew a kiss in greeting to the Sun.
Now this must have been very timely,
For He smiled on her benignly;
And He lengthened all the spring days,
 Every one.

Soon a playful little breeze
Gently swayed the budding trees,
And the cat-o'-nine-tails in the sun
Close beside a rippling brook,
Splashing o'er its rocky nook;
Then the days grew soft and balmy,
 Every one.

Bonnie bluebell sweetly ringing
Set the bobolink a-singing
While a robin built its nest up in the tree.
Daddy bullfrog on a log,
Winked at pretty polliwog
And all the forest folks were happy as could be,
 Every one.

When the flowers begin to come
And the bees begin to hum
Fragrant apple blossoms dance in ecstasy;
Happy children laugh and shout
And like lambkins frisk about,
Then I know God loves the spring days,
 Every one.

DORIS LARRABEE, '25

The following essays are reprinted from the souvenir program of the Firemen's Ball on April 17, 1925.

FOREWORD

As a result of a prize essay contest for High School pupils, held under the direction of the Peabody Firemen's Relief Association, the two essays printed here were selected as the best submitted.

Doris Morton was awarded first prize and Howard Batchelder second prize.

The judges were: Principal Willard W. Woodman; Chief William C. Mahoney, and Frederick R. McManus, head of the English department.

The Attic as a Source of Fire Danger

We have often heard the old maxim, "Fire is a good servant, but a poor master," and this, alas, is only too true; for fire is, always was, and always will be a menace to lives and property until all nations shall see that they are innocently committing crime and murder by carelessness alone. "It is for us, the people of the United States, to be dedicated to the great cause remaining before us;" yes, we, intelligent, normal-minded people must fight, with all that is in us, against fire, with its exorbitant demands, year by year, slowly undermining the lives and property of our citizens. We must fight against this demon just as the knights of old fought, and finally brought to their doom, the dragons which devoured the people and terrorized the countryside for miles around. Not swords, nor any other weapons do we need to bring the monstrous giant, Fire, to his doom, but care, and well-built, well-ventilated, and neatly-kept homes.

A great source of fire danger is the attic, the general storeroom for all the odds and ends of the family. Old clothing, books, magazines, boxes, and the like accumulated in this room where, in many homes, the dust of ages stands ready to do its work.

Little do we realize that we, ourselves, are placing in the hands of the enemy the very arms and ammunition with which he may attack our lives and property. Do we not know that a collection of dust and rags begins the process of slow oxidation which, without the escape of air, or oxygen, produces spontaneous combustion? That a spark from a match lighted in the attic may take from us everything which we hold near and dear? That old cloth and papers, collected on the floor near the hot chimney which passes through the attic, may set the whole house afire?

Finally, will we see the cause of fires and aid in fighting with all our might the greatest foe which has ever beset mankind, or shall this foe continue to molest us forever?

How then, shall we eliminate the attic as a source of fire danger?

1. Do not store in your attic paper boxes, mattresses, or any like material that is easily fired.

2. Do not allow young children to play in the attic. They may bring matches.

3. Keep things tidy; do not allow any rubbish to accumulate.

"Starve the spark and stop a fire."

DORIS MORTON, '26.

Why the Motor Is Supplanting the Horse

In this era of improvements, invention and new ideas it is conceded that much progress has been made in the art of fire-fighting. We see no more of the bucket brigade, no more of the hand pumps in this century of glowing prosperity. The clatter of the faithful steeds, no more rings in our ears, but in its place we hear the roar of a well-groomed engine as it speeds along on its journey.

With all due respect to the faithful horses we must rightfully say that their service is at an end. They have ever faithfully performed their great work and it is with sorrowful and tearful scenes that the boys part with their lifelong pals.

Reflections of the past bring facts of the present and it is with great pride that we point to our present day motor apparatus. In appearance it is the last word in neatness and style. In efficiency it far surpasses any horse kit. The great speed and comparative safety attained by motor makes it a necessity in every large city and a valuable asset to any community for safety and low insurance rates. Numberless fires have been stopped from developing into conflagrations due to

the quick and effective response of the motor, whereas it is safe to say that, with the horse, disastrous results would have developed.

These facts are not without substantial proof. Look at Peabody with her many fire hazards and countless shops in which dangerous combustible materials are stored. Peabody has, in fact, never experienced a real fire disaster, but this only proves the efficiency of the fire department and should be substantial evidence for the members of our city government to consider when they contemplate additional appropriations for the department. The firemen of Peabody have performed excellent work and they should have the hearty co-operation of every citizen. Co-operation spells the success of any organized department, whose duty it is to serve the public.

Peabody is indeed fortunate in having as its chief a man of such standing as William C. Mahoney, who is so widely known in fire circles and is ever ready to cope with all difficulties. It is to this leader and his force that we give our most hearty support for a progressive year and a successful social function.

HOWARD E. BATCHELDER, '26.



Comedians All

Annabelle Blair, late—quite late, indeed—of the chorus.

W. Burton Benson-Smith, the best actor of the age—in the opinion of W. Burton Benson-Smith.

Elaine Farrell, who married a struggling young actor in the firm belief that two can live cheaper than one, and who still refuses to admit that their case is the exception which proves the rule.

David Farrell, who, for ten years, has been waiting for Opportunity to knock at his door and has finally concluded that the elusive lady does not knock on the doors of theatrical boarding houses.

Mrs. Johnson, who started a boarding house for actors, convinced that it would be a paying proposition. She has discovered that if it is not paying, it certainly is a proposition.

The dining room of Mrs. Johnson's boarding house. At left an open door leads into the parlor. Back center, double doors, opening on hall; to left and right of these doors, windows. A door, right, leads into kitchen. The furniture is cheap and battle-scarred and of the pawn shop specie. In the center of the room is a long table, at which Annabelle Blair is finishing a tardy breakfast. She is young and pretty and is showily dressed. Shortly after the curtain rises, W. Burton Benson-Smith enters from left, humming a jazz tune. He is about fifty-five, stout, well-dressed, and is quite satisfied with himself.

Benson-Smith: Ah, Miss Blair! Good morning—or, rather, how do you do? For it isn't a good morning, is it? I fear it looks like rain.

Annabelle: I know it tastes like rain.

B-S.: Tastes like rain? I say now, the weather hasn't any sense of taste, don't you know?

Annabelle: I was referring to the coffee.

B-S.: Oh, the coffee! Ha-ha! Very good, Miss Blair, very good, indeed. Ha-ha!

Annabelle: What! You in good humor at nine o'clock in the morning? That's unusual. To look at that grin on your face, a body would imagine that you're advertising Pepsodent Tooth Paste. What's the matter, anyway? Somebody left you a million?

B-S.: Better than that, my dear; I've actually landed a job.

Annabelle: A job! What is it—stock?

B-S.: Stock, nothing. It's Broadway, dear girl, Broadway! And what's more, the job was offered to me.

Annabelle: Offered to y— Say, are you trying to jolly me?

B-S.: Young woman, when you have attained my age, you will realize that life is such a serious game that the briefest part of it is not to be trifled with or treated lightly. Let me tell you—

Annabelle: No, never mind about me. Tell it to the judge or to the marines. What I want to know is this—how in the world did you land the job?

B-S.: In this topsy-turvy world of ours, anything and everything may happen. One never knows what to expect; one must always be prepared for the unusual. Things do not occur in a systematic manner; hence, as Bernard Shaw says, you never can tell—

Annabelle: It's a crime the Creator didn't appoint you director-in-chief of the world. Then this giddy globe might be run in a decent, orderly, sys-

tematic fashion. Never mind the prologue now; how did you get the job?

B-S.: A mere matter of chance. I was strolling along the Avenue, yesterday afternoon, enjoying my constitutional. Suddenly, I saw lying on the sidewalk a little pasteboard box. I stooped and picked it up. On the label was printed the name of a jeweler, and just beneath that was written a name and address. You never could guess whose name it was, not if you tried; so I'll tell you—it was Sam H. Parish.

Annabelle: Not the producer?

B-S.: The very person, Sam H. Parish, producer. And there I was, holding in my hand some jewelry that belonged to him and was probably worth hundreds. Of course, I could easily have returned it to the shop where it was bought, but I realized that opportunity knocks but once—or falls but once, as would be more appropriate. So I hied me to Riverside Drive, walked up to Parish's house, was admitted by a butler who looked like an admiral, and returned the package to Sam H. himself. (Pauses.)

Annabelle: Go on, go on. Don't let me stop you.

B-S.: Well, Parish almost kissed me when he saw it. And no wonder! You see, it was his wife's birthday, and the box that I found contained a platinum wrist watch that he'd bought for her. It must have dropped out of his pocket, and he'd been trying to explain that to his wife, but she wouldn't believe him. So when I brought home the bacon, he treated me like a long-lost brother who shows up at the end of the third act, just in time to pay the mortgage. As Parish told me afterwards, he'd rather have half a dozen plays fail than face his wife on her birthday without a present. From which I deduce that throwing a match in a keg of gunpowder may be dangerous, but it's not

half so dangerous as a man's forgetting his wife's birthday, even though he's supposed to forget just what birthday it is.

Annabelle: And where does the job come in?

B-S.: Right here. Of course, Parish spoke of a reward, and I casually mentioned that I was an actor—a good one, too, even if I do say so myself—and was at liberty at the time. He thought a bit, and then he told me that there was a part in his new show, "The Matrimonial Agent," that ought to fit me. A pretty good part, too, he said—a doctor who arranges miserable marriages among his patients to get even with them for not paying their bills. Of course, it's straight farce, but what of it. It means Broadway for me; no more stock, no more road shows.

Annabelle: Some people have all the luck. Here you are, bound for Broadway, and here I am, bound for jail if I don't pay my rent in a hurry. Marie Dressler may have been right when she said, "Heaven will protect the working girl," but Heaven seems to be asleep on the job around here. (Enter from left Elaine Farrell. She is in her early twenties, good looking, and quietly dressed in a travelling costume.)

Elaine: Good morning, Mr. Benson-Smith. Good morning, Annabelle. Had any luck?

Annabelle: Luck? Simply loads of it, dearie—if you mean bad luck. How about you?

Elaine: Oh, not so bad—a six weeks' engagement with a stock company in New Jersey. The ingenue of the company is in the hospital with appendicitis, which is lucky for me, if not for her. I've got to be in Hoboken tomorrow morning to start rehearsals, so I'm leaving today. Just came in to say good-bye and to tell you the most wonderful news. Bet you couldn't guess.

Annabelle: Mrs. Johnson lowered the rents

B-S.: Found a bank roll?

Elaine: Sillies! Of course not. It's lots better than that. David's got a part in Sam Parish's new farce, "The Matrimonial Agent," and it's a dandy part—a doctor who marries off all his non-paying patients to people that will plague the lives out of them. Isn't that just too wonderful?

Annabelle: David has the role—of the doctor—in "The Matrimonial Agent?"

Elaine: Yes, really. I don't wonder you're surprised.

Annabelle: But—but Smithy here—he—

B-S. (hastily): Now, Miss Blair let me tell this myself. You see, Mrs. Farrell, I—er—David's not the only lucky one around here. As a matter of fact, I've got a job myself.

Elaine: Truly? That's fine. I hope it's Broadway this time.

B-S.: Sorry to disappoint you, my dear, but it isn't Broadway. It's Salem, Massachusetts; which means stock for another year. Oh, well, what's the difference, if it's Broadway or Main Street? As long as one has enough to eat, why worry?

Elaine: Perhaps you're right, but—well, everybody doesn't look at it so philosophically as you do. Oh, here's David! (Enter David Farrell from left.)

David: Hello, folks! Heard the glad news?

Annabelle: Have we? That's what we ain't heard nothing else but. Gee, you're lucky.

David: Wasn't I, though! There were nine of us selected for tryouts, and I was the lucky one to be chosen for the part. And even then I almost lost it, because Parish thought I was too young. But I did get it, and believe me, I'm going to keep it if I have to cage and padlock it.

Annabelle: And padlocks and cages aren't strong enough—sometimes.

David: What do you mean?

B-S. (hastily): Oh, she doesn't mean anything, David. Annabelle's just a little bit envious of your luck. But she's just as glad that you got the part as I am. So I'll say it for the two of us— Congratulations!

David: Thanks awfully. (Enter from right, Mrs. Johnson.)

Elaine: Oh, Mrs. Johnson! Just the woman I want to see.

Mrs. Johnson: Well, that's something new. Usually, I'm just the woman my roomers do not want to see.

Elaine: David and I are leaving today. I'm going to Hoboken, and he's moving up town. We owe you a week's rent each, don't we? David, thirty dollars for Mrs. Johnson. (David takes bill fold from his pocket and counts out thirty dollars, which he gives to Mrs. Johnson.)

Mrs. Johnson: Thank you, Mr. Farrell. (Puts money in drawer of cupboard.)

David (with mock tragedy, after examining the contents of his bill fold): All that was left of them, left of two hundred.

Elaine (glancing at wrist watch): David! Do you realize that I've only ten minutes to catch my train? Get the bags—quick! Oh, Mrs. Johnson! We left our trunks at the top of the landing; an expressman will call for them later.

David: Coming, Elaine?

Elaine: Coming, David. Here's hoping your luck turns, Annabelle. Listen, we're playing "Six Cylinder Love," next week and there's a line in it—"Everything's going to be all right." Remember that. Bye! Bye, Mr. Benson-Smith! Bye, Mrs. Johnson!

Mrs. Johnson: I'll see you to the door. (Exit David, Elaine, Mrs. Johnson. Benson-Smith stands by window,

drumming on the panes. Annabelle stands watching him for a moment, then crosses over to him.)

Annabelle (with evident embarrassment): Gee, that was great, Smithy—your giving up the part for David. You—you were simply wonderful. But it was foolish of you, too—the one chance in a lifetime—

B-S.: Foolish? Wonderful? Who can tell? Anyway, it—it was a magnificent gesture. (Enter Mrs. Johnson.)

Mrs. Johnson: Do you ever follow a good example, Mr. Benson-Smith?

B-S.: At least, madam, I always try to do so.

Mrs. Johnson: Then you might try to follow the Farrells' example; they just paid their rent. It's two weeks you owe, isn't it? (Exit, right.)

B-S.: Two weeks? As far as I can see, it's liable to be three.

Annabelle: Oh, no, it won't. You don't know Mrs. Johnson. If you don't pay up Saturday night, you leave the house and you leave your trunks—with contents—behind you.

B-S.: But, my dear, my clothes are in my trunks. And what good is an actor without a wardrobe? He's like an ocean without any water; it's the water that makes the ocean; it's the clothes that make the actor. Surely, there must be some way—Ah! I have it, I have it, I have it!

Annabelle: The money?

B-S.: No, the idea that will get the money. (Crosses over to cupboard, opens drawer, and takes out money that Mrs. Johnson has placed there). You see, although one cannot pick money off trees, it is quite easy to pick it out of drawers. (Crosses stage to door, right; knocks. Mrs. Johnson opens door.)

Mrs. Johnson: Well, what do you want now?

B-S.: It isn't I that wants anything; it's you. You just asked for my rent,

if you remember rightly. I assure you I had every intention of paying my debts.

Mrs. Johnson: I don't doubt that for a minute; but I'll believe you better when I see you paying your two weeks' rent.

B-S. (giving her the money): I hope, then, Mrs. Johnson, that your sense of vision is good. Here's your money.

Mrs. Johnson: Thank you. And that reminds me—I left some money in the cupboard drawer. (Starts to cross stage to cupboard.)

B-S. (quickly): Mrs. Johnson.

Mrs. Johnson (stopping): Yes?

B-S.: I forgot to tell you that—er—that while you were out in the hall, your sister-in-law rang up from Harlem. She wants to see you.

Mrs. Johnson: Sister-in-law? I haven't any sister-in-law in Harlem. It's my sister.

B-S. (weakly): I-I must have made a mistake, I guess.

Mrs. Johnson: Did she say what she wanted? Anything the matter?

B-S.: She said to come at once—er—somebody's hurt.

Mrs. Johnson: The saints help us! I bet her husband's out on a drunk again. I must get my hat and coat. (Exit right. Telephone rings.)

B-S.: Speaking of devils—there's the 'phone. I wonder if it's the convenient sister in Harlem? (Lifting receiver.) Hello! . . . No, Mr. Farrell isn't in. He's just left. . . . No, he isn't coming back; he's moved. . . . Can't say where, sorry. . . . No bother at all—by the way, who is this speaking? . . . Sam Parish! Just the man I wanted. This is Benson-Smith. . . . Yes. You remember that part you offered me in "The Matrimonial Agent?" . . . That's it. I want to say I'm sorry, but I can't accept it. . . . No, impossible. A better offer from Brady—you know how it is. Thanks

all the same. . . . You'll retain the other actor now, won't you? . . . That's all right then. Thanks. . . . G'bye. (Replaces receiver.) Well, Farrell's still got the job. And that's that. (Enter Mrs. Johnson, dressed in coat and hat, and carrying a bag.)

Mrs. Johnson: If anybody calls, Miss Blair, I won't be home till tonight. (Exit.)

B-S.: Goodbye, good luck, good ride-dance. And now I've got to pack my trunks and move out of here, bag and baggage before she gets back.

Annabelle: You certainly had a lot of nerve, didn't you? And then they call Jesse James a crook!

B-S.: But really, you know, I didn't do anything dishonest. I told Mrs. Johnson, "Here's your money," and it was her money, wasn't it? I just gave her what belonged to her.

Annabelle: Gee, you are a sketch, aren't you? You should have been a

lawyer, no doubt about that. Tell me the next time you're going to pull off a stunt like that one. I want to be on hand. I don't see comedy as good as that every day.

B-S. (declaiming in fine fashion): My dear young lady, every minute of every day the greatest comedy of all is being enacted before you. I refer to the comedy of life. In my fifty-seven years on the stage of time, I have found that life is not as it is claimed, a tragedy; it is not even tragi-comedy. It is all comedy, my dear, pure and simple comedy, bordering on the farce. All the world's the stage on which this comedy of life is performed, and we are the actors, you and I, Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady, the Prince and the Pauper, the World and his Wife,—we are the actors. (With final dramatic flourish.) Comedians, all!

Curtain.

THOMAS D. DONOVAN, '25.

SPRING

Milady Seasons doffed her cape
Of ermine, downy white,
And in her jewel box replaced
Her pearls of crystal light.

She fastened blossoms in her hair,
She donned a robe of green,
About her flung a cloud-like scarf
Of gauzy, sky-blue sheen.

And on her bosom pinned a brooch—
A round and golden sun—
A lace of raindrops 'round her neck,
Behold—her toilet done!

Then to her garden forth she went
To hear the robins sing.
All Nature woke at her approach
And greeted her as Spring.

THOMAS D. DONOVAN, '25.

“Greater Love Hath No Man”

It all happened in a poor section of a secluded town. The tenement houses were ranged close together. Grimy clothes hung on lines stretched length-wise of narrow, dirt-besmudged piazzas. Bow-legged children sat in the gutters, prattling to themselves, while the older boys teased and plagued them. An Italian baker drove up the cobbled street. After bartering with many gesticulations, he at last sold two loaves of his hard bread to a shapeless country-woman, who, on retreating up her broken steps, shook a swarthy fist at a six-year-old child.

“So! you mock me, will ya? I soon tell yer ma, w’in she comes up dese steps! Den, ve sec.” Her flapping slippers and dust cap disappeared down the long corridor. The child’s dark eyes snapped, his small hand clenched. Slowly he crept up the same creaky steps and climbed the flight of stairs to home. Although the furniture was sparse, the kitchen was immaculately clean. The kettle on the stove whistled a tune of its own composition; the oblong table was set for a small family gathering. Pedro tip-toed across the floor and peeked through a crack in the door. Satisfied with his investigation he entered the room where a pale four-year-old girl lay on the sofa.

“Rose Marie, Grouchy, she say she give Mother sompin’ when her comes home to us.” Thus stating his case, Pedro dropped, Indian fashion, on the floor beside the sofa.

“Then Mother’ll cry,” Rose Marie finished. “Uh-huh,” Pedro grunted. “What did she say it for?” demanded his sister.

“Oh, it’s my fault. Me, I do this at her.” Whereupon followed a varied exhibition of gestures and grimaces.

“I hate Grouchy. She don’t wear

shoes like our Mother. And she say, ‘Pay me your moneys—or I know why. Yes?’”

“Mother says Grouchy doesn’t mean anything, an’ she’s pretty nice. But sometime I teach her—I’ll throw tomatoes—hard as her ole Eyetalian bread, and they’ll hit her in th’ face. So — I’ll pay her all — her ‘moneys.’”

“Why, children,” came a cheery voice. And two soft brown eyes glowed fondly at the children from Mother’s pale face. “What’s the matter?” This as she sat down beside Rose-Marie.

“Oh, nothing,” said Rose-Marie, curling a wisp of her mother’s dark hair.

“Tell us a story, Mother,” begged Pedro.

“Oh no, let’s pretend again.”

“Oh yes,” cried Pedro in high glee. “The couch can be the swan boat; the rug’ll be the lake—”

“Mother’ll be the queen, ’n here’s the golden cushion.” Rose-marie proffered her own pillow.

“The bread-and-butter can be cakes and honey; the water’ll be the cream; the eggs can be strawberries—” added Mother.

“Um—and won’t they taste good! Hurry, Pedro—bring in the cream and berries to Queen Sylvia,” ordered Rose-Marie. But the Queen had to help; it was far too much to ask of a six-year-old servant.

It was a happy party as the swan-boat sailed over the little rug of a lake—the sky and birds and sunshine overhead—but alas! the golden dream-fibres were struck aside by a loud knock at the door.

“Old Grouchy”—exploded Pedro.

“Don’t go,” Rose-Marie advised. But Queen Sylvia became Mother instantly and answered the foreboding

summons. Sure enough, it was old Grouchy.

"Me, I come to tell you—you's owe me some moneys. And soon—"

"But I cannot pay you."

"No? Still your Pedro mock me ven I buy de bread."

"I'm sure Pedro will not do it again. Please, Mrs. Cantza, don't ask me yet for your money. Doctor says that Rose-Marie must go to the hospital this afternoon. I haven't told her yet." And Mother turned her head away to hide the tears.

"Oh, now, that is na' vat I meant. I ver' sorra—" and Mrs. Cantza put her arm around the shoulder of Rose-Marie's tiny mother "Don't ya feel too bad. An' if you vants anyding, just you let me know." She too had to take her hand and brush away a large tear that just would trickle down the side of her large nose. "Don' cry, and how is th' poor little Rose?"

"The doctor says she's bad and she must go to the hospital for a couple of weeks."

"Well, never mind the moneys. Me no care. Give it to Marie—she like a doll, perhaps?"

"Oh thank you, Mrs. Cantza; you are so kind! I will pay you sometime though."

With that Mrs. Cantza withdrew, leaving Mother to face the trial of telling Rose Marie her fate.

One day, a week later, a little boy came wandering into the gaunt, awe-inspiring corridor of the hospital.

The doctor, taking his hand, inquired Pedro's reason for coming there.

"Can I see Rose-Marie?"

"Rose-Marie. Um—who is she?"

"Her is my sister."

"Oh yes. Wait just a moment." Whereupon the doctor vanished into a room. Soon he returned with a

bright looking nurse at his elbow.

"Sonny, I've something to ask you." Pedro was very shy. But he managed to raise his bright little face to the doctor's.

"Come in here with us," invited the nurse. And Pedro followed them into a clean, little office.

"He's just the type," agreed the nurse.

"Well, sonny, it's just this. Your sister is very ill. Yes, very ill. Will you give your blood for her? It must be done immediately for the good of all concerned."

Pedro's black lashes dropped over his equally dark eyes. His lips quivered. Then, in the deep silence of the big room, his voice quavered out, "Yes, I give my blood for Rose-Marie."

An hour later Rose-Marie and Pedro lay side by side on the operating table. The blood transfusion progressed. Every syringe full taken from Pedro left him paler and paler—while pink flushes began to creep into Rose-Marie's cheeks.

As usual the recipient demanded all the attention, while the donor lay quite still on the white-covered table.

As the doctor stood with his back toward Pedro, he felt a slight tug at his sleeve. Pedro, very wan, his lips quivering, looked appealingly into the doctor's face.

"Say, doctor, when do I die?" The nurses and other attendants laughed at the innocent little Pedro. But suddenly they realized. All of them felt their eyes fill with tears—and none cared to conceal his feelings. There lay poor little Pedro—waiting to die for his sister. He thought that to give his blood meant his very life.

No grown man or woman ever did more for love, than little Pedro did for his sister that day.

ELIZABETH S. FOGG, '26.

The River

It was a wretched Saturday evening in late November. A thin drizzle of rain had fallen during the entire length of the day, and now, when night was drawing on, a twinge of biting frost was felt in the atmosphere. Still, the numerous streets of busy New York were alive with hurrying throngs of people. Unnoticed by anyone, a man, thin and pitifully shabby, leaned against a large building in the shadow of an unlighted doorway. His small and ill-fitting coat was threadbare at the elbows, and buttoned tightly around the throat in order to keep out the cold, which was becoming more and more intense. The eyes, hard and despairing, stared vacantly before him. His thoughts were far from pleasant, and his heart was full of bitterness. What was the use in living, he was asking himself; there was nothing but cold and hunger and loneliness in the world for him.

Unconsciously, his mind strayed over the past. He remembered himself as being an uncared-for village urchin. He had been free and happy and care-free then! Later he had fallen into sordid company. Then—when he was only fourteen years of age—happened the incident which stamped him forever as a thief and a fugitive from law. He recollected well the preparations and secret conferences before the final thrust. On the day appointed, he, in company with his three fellowmen, had lain in waiting for the arrival of the automobile containing the money for the mill workers' salaries. The assault had been brief, and with their booty, they had dived into the adjoining woods, consciously separating from each other in the meantime.

The news of the robbery fled with winged feet. Within a quarter of an hour the entire mill force was combing the immediate neighborhood. Eventually three of the highwaymen were caught. The escaped was he, Jim Warren.

Then he had followed a course of law-breaking, until finally he was caught and sentenced for a term of years. But for good behavior he was released before his term had expired.

His outlook on life, during his imprisonment, had undergone a change, and his desire then had been to earn an honest living. But he had reckoned without his host. This stigma of prison and his former record baffled every effort to seek a livelihood in that manner.

After that, his reputation had increased, truthfully and otherwise. His name had been coupled with every bold robbery or dastardly crime. In his secluded haunts he had used to smile cynically and derisively at the newspaper accounts printed about him and his parts in crimes of which often, he had no previous knowledge; or stood looking at the sketches and photographs of himself in the newspapers, bearing fatal lines and marks totally alien to the original features.

Eventually, however, he was tracked, tried and sentenced, narrowly escaping a life imprisonment. Courts were different from public surmises and its aptness for jumping at conclusions, and he was cleared of crimes which, otherwise, would have threatened his life.

Now, on his second release from prison, he was old and broken in spirit. Penniless, he had tramped the streets for many a day. But even if

he was successful in obtaining employment, it was of short duration. Within a few days he would be curtly dismissed, with no special reasons given.

He was old and broken in spirit, and struggling was extremely difficult. What was the use in living? There was nothing but cold and hunger and loneliness in the world for him.

He jerked himself upward and

started to walk. If he would only keep warm! Gradually the streets cleared, but Jim Warren trudged on. A bridge came into view, and Warren rested his exhausted body against the railing. His eyes encountered the water. It looked black and forbidding, and as cruel as the world. He stared at it, fascinated . . .

In the morning, another body was found floating down a river of busy New York.

AILEEN M. TIHONEN, '28.

Magna Cum Laude

The door of the High school swung open and the students trooped out. He came out long after the doors had closed. He stood for a moment on the top step and breathed in the golden atmosphere before him.

The day was swathed in a glorious gold, and the sky was softly blue. A lone sparrow hopped about the green lawn, which was beginning to sprout up in a soft, velvety green—just as he was dreaming his life should be.

His life was to be like this day; glorious gold and softly blue. He would make it so. It had been his dream—his dream since he had first seen the gold sun that had seemed always to smile at him; and the lovely blue sky that often caressed him as he lay under a low, graceful willow, peering up at its heights. And the vivid, soft, velvety green was his own. Here, on its soft bosom, he had rested his tired body and dreamed—dreamed of the dream he had found come true. For her, he had attained it; for her, he had striven—striven for the thing

that would never leave his memory, that was, to him, the most precious in this glorious gold world.

But everything had been gold for him always, because he believed in his God and God had given him his dream.

He moved down the stone walk, and out onto the sidewalk. Then he made his way to her. He strode down the street, his head held high, his eyes searching, groping into the life before him. He turned in at the gate of the white cottage and opened the screen door.

He stood, waiting, on the threshold, and she saw him. Her lips quivered; her eyes questioned.

"Boy—" Her voice shook. He came forward, his eyes radiant, his mouth smiling. She let her hand fall on his coat sleeve, and looked up into his eyes that seemed brimming with tears. Then he spoke something sweet in his young voice.

"Mother," he murmured softly, "I'm valedictorian."

MARION E. ROCHE, '25.

My Mother



As I sit alone by the fire,
And visions of old I see,
I often think of my mother,
Who is all the world to me.
For, who stands by me through sorrow and strife?
Who has watched over me all my life?
My mother!

Through sickness and sorrow, who stands by my side?
And all through life's journey, who's been my guide?
My mother!
Who cheers me when I am lonely and blue?
When others fail, she still remains true.
My mother!

As I ask myself these questions,
A tear comes into my eye.
For what will life be without her
In the lonely bye-and-bye?
But I stifle the thoughts of the future,
With the facts of the present time,
And I count once more the blessings
God has given to me and mine.

And, as I thank God for these blessings,
One surpasses the rest,
And I think how lonely life would be
Without the one I love the best.
My mother!

ETHEL HAINES, '28.

Chimes of Happiness

The church was a small, white affair such as we often find nestled among the New England hills. It was surrounded by a beautiful green hedge. Three or four somber hemlocks of huge size guarded it from what bustle there was on the highway. The town was very proud of its little church. Many people remarked upon its simple beauty and delightful surroundings.

"Chimes for the church!" The little town had buzzed of nothing else for the past two months. It seemed as though everyone had given his limit, but the sum was still short. None had given up hope, but some thought it a dubious proposition.

Miss Bertha Kingsley, spinster and seamstress, looked hard at a quaint but handsome, gold-headed cane. It was beautifully carved of old and rare wood; indeed it had been the very apple of her father's eye. What money it would bring! She touched the cane somewhat whimsically turning it round and round. How proud her father had been of that cane! He had obtained it in the orient when he had commanded the clipper ship "Angel B." He had carried it proudly to church on Sundays and when he had grown old, it had been his comrade on the Memorial Day march. Indeed, the cane was full of memories. It would seem like parting with the memory of that sturdy old veteran who had answered the last call.

She weighed the matter in her mind all the next day. It would be hard, but her father had been a good citizen and a liberal one. He, too, had loved the little white church where he and her mother had been married. Resolutely she put on her coat and went out into the spring night. The moon shone a tiny wisp of gold in the west, and the

frogs setting up their usual din, were accompanied by the soft breeze.

She thought of Miss Greenough, daughter of the wealthiest man in town. It had been whispered that the sum she had given towards the chimes was disappointingly small. Ah, well, those who could give were not always the most generous.

Miss Greenough had often begged the spinster to sell the beautiful old cane. She had named a fabulous price as she wished very much to present it to her feeble old father. Bertha Kingsley had never been tempted, for she loved the old cane. It looked like olden times to see it standing carelessly in a corner.

Her hand touched the knocker on the sumptuous door, but did not lift it. She was on the point of fleeing, when the thought of the chimes on Memorial Day made her sound the knocker sharply.

As Miss Greenough examined her purchase a short time afterward with a satisfied air, it suddenly came to her what a sacrifice it must have meant to the hard-working spinster. She knew the stories woven about the cane. A deep red flush of shame dyed her face. She remembered how she had given a stingy check for the chimes fund. She knew in her heart that Miss Kingsley would give the cane money towards the chimes, for she had blushed when the matter was mentioned.

Miss Greenough's second check and the cane money swelled the fund wonderfully.

Memorial Day morning, the flower-scented breeze came with the sound of the longed-for chimes. Miss Kingsley stood on her tiny porch with joy in her heart. She knew the joy of worthy sacrifice.

ELIZABETH P. WHITE. '27.

Springtime



When the flowers all are blooming,
And the birds begin to sing
And the trees are green and budding
You will know that it is spring.

Spring is the most beautiful,
Most wondrous time of year;
When everything is starting new,
You'll know that spring is here.

When you hear a sort of chirping,
Way up high in some green tree
And see a flash of red, you'll know
The robin's brought the spring to thee.

MARION WELCH, '25

Prince

"It must be eight o'clock, Dad, and if you're going to walk with me this morning, you'd better hurry, for I haven't many minutes to get to school," called Mary Roddin to her father. As she said this she wrapped in a piece of paper, a big meaty bone for her collie, Prince. "I guess being out in the lumber wood all day, he'll be pretty hungry, so just slip this bone in your pocket for him, Dad."

When Mary and her father went out, Prince was waiting at the post-box for them. As they walked briskly on, Mr. Roddin surveyed the sky. "Guess we'll have quite a snowstorm before night, by the way the sky looks now."

By this time they had reached the schoolhouse, Prince stopped, torn as usual by his desire to remain with each of them. "You go with Pa." Prince cast a yearning look at Mary, and then pranced on to the lumber woods.

Early in the afternoon, while she was waiting for Jackie Lawrence to recite his spelling words, Mary gazed out of the window and discovered that it was already snowing. She was thinking, "It'll be pretty hard for Pa and Prince to get home tonight," when she was startled by a dog's barking.

As she looked about the room, Mary noticed that several pair of eyes were focused upon her. Suddenly she realized that Prince was nearby. She opened the door, he bounced in. Mary was attempting to send him from the schoolroom, when she noticed a piece of paper tied to his collar. "Well, how did that get on your collar? Why, that's the piece of paper your bone was tied in!" Then the first thing that flashed in Mary's mind was, "Pa's hurt!" She walked quickly to the

teacher to whom she related her story. "Please send one of the children for the doctor. I'm going to Pa." "But you are only jumping at conclusions," cried the teacher. "Maybe your father isn't hurt at—" But before she could finish her sentence, Mary darted out the door.

The snow had fallen fast enough to completely cover up Prince's tracks. Before leaving, Mary selected a strong sled from a group ranged along the back wall of the school. "This will probably be of some use," she thought.

Prince started off again for the woods, this time followed by Mary. It was at least a mile to the clearing, and Mary knew that her father was probably cutting timber beyond. They passed the clearing and were bearing north, when Mary heard her father call. Mary was by his side in a few seconds. "Cut my leg pretty bad, I guess; lost a lot of blood." Mary shivered and trembled as she noticed the blood stains on the snow. "Just be steady for a moment, Pa, until I get you on the sled." Relief came to the man's face as he noticed the sled. "Hold on tight and I'll go slow, so it won't hurt your leg." Then Mary grasped the rope and was off.

Mr. Roddin, quite dazed now, directed Mary towards what he thought was the clearing. "Ought to be at the clearing by now," he called. A flash of terror struck Mary. She stopped. What if they were going in the wrong direction? Night was falling on them! She glanced at Prince. "Go home!" she shouted. But Prince huddled close to his master. "Go home, Prince, go home," and she started towards him. Prince knew her mind was made up and so he started in the opposite direction. They had been going in the

wrong direction! They soon came to the clearing where they were met by the doctor in his sleigh.

The doctor helped them home, and when he had made Mr. Roddin comfortable, he looked critically at Prince. "Pretty nice dog you've got there. Wouldn't care to part with him, would

you?" "I don't know. Mary was remarking this morning that he wasn't of much use—"

"Well," replied Mary, "I have changed my mind, and Prince shall stay with us the rest of his days," to which our canine hero joyfully wagged his tail."

EVELYN WRIGHT.

The Song of a Bird



Oft times when skies are blue,
Sun's golden rays shining thru
In the vaulted foliage of trees,
Mid the rustling of the leaves
I hear the song of a bird.

Oft times when night is still,
Moonbeams peeking o'er the hill,
Looking in with his bright plumes
At the latticed window of my room,
I hear the song of a bird.

Oft times thinking, I sigh'd;
Should our bright friends have died,
The music of the world won't be the same
When no more in night or morn,
Will I hear the song of a bird.

MARY LANGAN, '25.

A Fine Discovery

Helen was looking out of the window, trying to get interested in the scenery as the train sped along. But her mind was many miles away. Would some one, her aunt, cousin or uncle, be there to meet her. What if they hadn't received her letter? What should she do if no one was there to meet her? All these questions came up in her mind as the train moved swiftly along.

Two hours had passed slowly by when they pulled into Mansfield station. Helen alighted and upon entering the station, she found it deserted, except for a ticket agent who looked up from his work as she came in. She sank down upon the bench quite exhausted after her long trip.

"Could I do anything for you?" asked the accommodating ticket agent.

"I was expecting someone to meet me, but they didn't come. Could you tell me where I could find a hotel?" she asked anxiously.

"There is a fairly good one down town. Just walk down this street and turn down the first one on the left. You will be able to find the hotel all right then," he replied promptly.

She thanked him and, taking up her bag, she left the station, following his directions, first turning to the street on the left. She soon found the hotel and retired to a room which she engaged for the night. She sat down to think. Here she was in this strange town in a strange hotel, having come a long way to visit a cousin and being disappointed at not being met. Her uncle lived in a neighboring town and she had his address and could telephone him. Yes, she would telephone him when she went to supper. She looked out of the window; it was quite dark now. So picking up the paper, which she had bought on the way

from the station, she started to read. Her attention was attracted to the heavy print on the front page. "Gilbert, banker, robbed." Her uncle! So that was the reason no one had come to meet her. They had perhaps been so excited that they had forgotten. Well, she would telephone, anyway. She laid the paper down and her silence was interrupted by the rough sounding masculine voices in the next room.

"Well, Joe, that wasn't a bad haul for one night," one exclaimed in a rough voice.

"Not so bad," replied the other.

"What shall we do with these?" asked one.

"Oh, those checks, throw 'em away, they're no good," replied the other.

"Do you think we'd better stay here?" asked the first speaker.

"I think we'd better until we hear something that'll make it unhealthy for us to stay," replied his partner. "Gilbert'll never suspect me. My vacation started today anyway and they knew I was leaving town."

"They never miss me, because I don't belong there anyway," exclaimed the other.

During this conversation she listened intently, as she wanted to get every word. When she heard Gilbert's name, she was entirely satisfied. In a few minutes, she was consulting the telephone book. She soon found the number and when she got Mr. Gilbert on the 'phone, she told him who it was and gave a brief account of what she had heard. He was amazed and told her to wait until he arrived and also to keep watch over the men. She went up to find out if they were still there. They were, so she went down to the waiting room. One-half hour passed by slowly and then the door opened

and a tall man entered, followed by two policemen.

She went up to them and told them the men were still there and then she led them up the stairs, stopping at the door of the room in which were the men.

Mr. Gilbert knocked and when a man opened the door, he exclaimed, "Barrett, not you?"

The man tried to appear puzzled,

but got excited. Upon searching the room the money was found, which was enough evidence. The two men, one unknown to Mr. Gilbert and the other, one of his employees, were arrested and taken to jail. Helen went with Mr. Gilbert to his home.

Indede, this was an eventful night for Helen!

MARJORIE BEGG, '28.

The Fragrance of the Pansy

There lived hundreds of years ago a young girl whose name was Pansy. All day she roamed around in the fields wearing a white frock each day. At the time when the sun was to set each evening, she usually went home to Thessaly.

It happened one night that before she arrived in Thessaly she met Juno, who asked her why she was out so late. Pansy could not open her mouth to speak, because she was so frightened. Juno afterwards said that if she met Pansy as late as that in the evening again, that she would have to punish her.

The next day Pansy did not go to the same fields, but went to a different place where she thought Juno would not think of going. After a few days going to these fields, she thought Juno had forgotten her promise about the punishment, so she roamed back to the original fields where she went every day.

Night after night went by without meeting Juno. At last one night when

on the border line of Thessaly, she saw Juno, who asked her why she was out so late. Pansy, as before, could not speak. Juno then asked Pansy to meet her at the Gate of Thessaly, the noontime of the next day.

When the following noontime came, Pansy was at the Gate of Thessaly, waiting for Juno. When Juno arrived, she told Pansy to follow her. Down the road they went, across the river on the back of an ox, then across the fields, where they stopped beneath a great oak. Juno told Pansy to lie down and rest before they went farther. As soon as Pansy was fast asleep, Juno, with her magic wand, touched Pansy who was immediately changed into a flower. As Pansy wore a white dress, she was changed into a white flower and since Juno did not like the white flower, she dropped a little perfume on the petals, which gave the flower a sweet odor and also changed her color. So today the pansy is as sweet and pretty as it was years ago.

MAIDA BECKETT, '29.

The Mystery of Green Gables

"Green Gables" was situated on the brow of a gently sloping hill, at the foot of which a running brook passed slowly by, murmuring and bubbling with a musical lisp on the banks of the smooth velvety grass. On the porch of "Green Gables" two slim persons could be distinguished; one, that of a young girl; the other, a mature woman, evidently the mother of the younger. Both were deeply engrossed in conversation; the girl's sweet, low voice joined like music with the murmuring brook.

"But, Mother dear, I'm sure we can find the money without the aid of a detective. Really, Mother, I think Rosa and Bruce know more about the mystery than they wish to admit."

Rosa was Betty's waiting maid, while Bruce was the new butler.

Betty's Uncle Ned had just died, but he left no will, or, if he did leave a will, it could not be found. Betty was troubled and worried over the matter. One day she found the following note among her uncle's possessions.

"Betty . . . ! In the fireplace of love you will find the "dew" of "heaven."

Uncle Ned."

Betty showed the note to her mother, but neither could make anything out of it. A rather troubled Betty went to bed that night, but she felt so nervous she could not sleep. At last in despair, she resolved to get her little pearl handled revolver from the safe in the living room. Slipping into her dressing gown, she ran lightly down the great walnut carved staircase, entered the living room, took her pistol from the safe, and ran back to her room. Ah! how troubled she would have been had she seen the almost savage eyes peering out from behind the canopy!

It was midnight; the mellow tones of the grandfather clock slowly beat

the hour away. Then all was still. A half-hour later a masked figure pushed aside the velvet curtain, whistled softly, and, as if in answer to his call, Rosa appeared from the trap door in the wall. They whispered for a few seconds, then the man stepped lightly over to the fireplace, removed a few bricks and pulled out three long, stout bags of But what could it be? Ah, yes it must be a part of rich Edward Watson's fortune. Another whistle from the man brought the maid to his side and "Leave that money there and step aside." Amazed, the two servants turned and discovered Betty, pistol in hand. At this point Mrs. Watson and the servants ran into the room. With this, Betty collapsed.

It was a beautiful June morning. The bubbling brook, the twittering birds, the perfumed filled air,—all gave signs of spring.

The figure on the bed moved slightly.

"Mother, Mother, where am I," asked Betty Watson.

An immaculate white-clad figure hastened to her side.

"Please don't try to talk Miss Betty. We'll explain everything shortly." Then the nurse pressed the button at Betty's side and Mrs. Watson hastened into the room.

"Betty, dear, I thought you'd never gain consciousness. We've all been in a frenzy since last week—"

"Since last week, Mother? Why, how long have I been here? How did I get here?" asked the wondering Betty.

"Well, you see, Betty, Rosa and Bruce attempted to steal Uncle Ned's money when you caught them, pistol in hand. When I arrived, you collapsed, striking your head against the table. The doctor said you were

asleep, and, as you were excited and nervous over the money and Uncle Ned, you simply took a "stroll" in your sleep, arriving in the living room just in time to catch the two servants, red-handed."

"Yes, Mother, I remember dreaming about the robbing at the fireplace that night . . . but, Mother, the piece of paper, the paper! That's just what Uncle Ned meant by 'fireplace' and

'dew' must have meant the money," cried Betty, all out of breath by this time.

"Yes, dear, we found the will and the money part of which is yours. Now, dear, lie back and go to sleep," said Mrs. Watson as she kissed her daughter lightly on the cheek.

"Well, I've solved the mystery of Green Gables," said Betty, as she fell into a happy dream.

ELEANOR McCARTHY, '28.

Observations of a Schoolroom Clock

"I am the school clock. I hang on the wall of a large study room in a girls' school. These girls are called Sophomores," said the clock in a husky tone to its friend, the window frame.

"Each day, with the exception of Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, the children file in about ten minutes to eight. They talk until told to stop for the fourth time by the teacher.

"After the recitation of prayers, ten girls go into the typewriting room, while the rest of the class work problems in Geometry. What's Geometry, anyway? All I can see is a number of funny squares and lines and circles. After Geometry, they have instruction in French.

"Among all their studies, I like best to see and hear the Latin Period. All that the pupils do is stare and stare at me. Really I get quite embarrassed. Latin seems quite hard to many of them. They seem puzzled and give foolish answers, at which I nearly laugh out loud, but instead, I almost stop ticking. It would be a terrible thing for them if I forgot to tick. After Latin the theme books are given out. This period is rather tiresome, as all they do is write and look very serious. Thinking is not easy.

"Some people think I ought to be very intelligent as I listen to so many recitations, year in and year out, but all I can do is keep correct time.— Sometimes."

ALICE DUCHENE, '29.



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A MATTER OF SCHOOL SPIRIT

From all appearances, a great part of the pupils of Peabody High School are destined to become efficiency experts; for, if it is true that actions speak louder than words, there is no other vocation more appropriate for them. Time is money, so the saying goes, and some pupils display a strong inclination to save the equivalent of the mighty dollar. These pupils have, evidently, figured out that by cutting across the lawn on coming to and going from school, they save at least ten seconds which would otherwise be wasted if they were to use the cement walks. That these walks were laid out with the intention of being trodden upon, means nothing to their young lives. So the embryo efficiency experts cut across the lawns, thus heeding the Philadelphia Sage's injunction, "Do not squander time." Their thrifty act would be praiseworthy, were it not for the fact that said act is committed, not to save "the golden moments," but to get home to dinner sooner. And because the pupils must satisfy their animal cravings, the grass plots must suffer accordingly. There are thousands of blades of grass making a valiant effort to break through the crust of the ground, and get a peep at the sun, and incidentally beautify the school grounds. But when hundreds of feet pass over them daily, crushing them, there is little hope of their ever accomplishing their purpose.

The School Committee has found cause to complain in this evidence of carelessness and lack of school spirit on the part of the pupils. It has been necessary to post a teacher at the exits to remind them that they are to make use of the cement walks. Such precautions are unnecessary, if we only stop to remember that we ought to

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS!"

T. D. D.

A LAST APPEAL

This, the May number of *The Observer*, is the last issue but one of our school magazine during the scholastic year 1924-1925. In November, we launched our first number, confident of making *The Observer* a financial and literary success. In setting forth our plans, we announced that it was our intention to make *The Observer* the biggest and best ever. Now, with the school year almost ended, and with five numbers of *The Observer* already before the public, we find that our goal is not yet achieved, our ideal not yet realized. It

is not very easy for us to admit this, but we feel that by so doing, we can arouse the pupils to greater enthusiasm and to finer efforts.

Because the student body did not respond to our request for subscriptions as generously as we had hoped, because the general business depression now prevalent, resulted in our losing several advertisers who, under more fortunate conditions, would have contributed liberally to our advertising pages,—because of these reasons, the financial standing of *The Observer*, while showing a substantial profit, does not meet our anticipations. Nor has our magazine so far approached the literary standard which we had fixed. Without casting any reflections upon the earnest endeavors of those students who have faithfully contributed to these pages, we must, nevertheless, confess that we cannot be satisfied with our literary achievements.

Therefore, we extend this last appeal to the students of Peabody High School, asking that they do their best to help us realize our literary aim, at least, by making worthwhile contributions. If Genius will not burn, a few drops of the oil of ambition may replenish the exhausted flame, and by fanning it with the bellows of earnest endeavor, it should produce a meritorious composition.

We would remind the students, also, that the prize contest for the best composition still continues and that the prize has by no means been awarded as yet. Every composition accepted and published in *The Observer*, the June issue inclusive, is eligible for the final choice. We hope that this will add a further impetus to the students, and that their renewed efforts will make the June issue of *The Observer* a great, grand and glorious gesture.

HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

Once upon a time there was a high school student—pardon, pupil—who was inclined to be athletic. He was as thick as the well-known barn door (why insult the poor door?) but he was one of the best fullbacks in the state, and good fullbacks are worth a little more than the German mark. He could memorize a volume of signals in ten minutes, but it took four years, six teachers, nine dictionaries and seventeen spelling books to convince him that there really was a “p” in pneumonia, and even then he thought he was being jollied.

He was dumb, ignorant, thick, just as you like it, but he was some grid-iron star. He was one of the best, and the public knew it, and he knew it also; he assured himself of it every time he looked into a mirror, and he looked into a mirror quite frequently. The public of his home town went wild over him. Wonderful player, that Red De Goop! Took his praise pretty modest, too, huh? His haberdasher could have told them that the six-and-a-quarter cap which Red had purchased in September, had to be replaced in December by a seven-and-seven-eighths chapeau. Meanwhile, his teachers had not noticed a surprising development of intellect.

He had a marked aversion to work, manual or mental; therefore, he did his best to flunk his course, so that he would not be thrust at too tender an age into the cool, cool world. However, the faculty were as anxious to be rid of his presence as he was to inflict it upon them; so they gave him a diploma and told him that somehow or other he had earned enough credits to be graduated.

The poor boy had to go to work or to college; so he went to college and

learned to part his hair in the middle and wear sheik trousers and not to take a town girl to the Prom. He made three teams, and got three letters, three sweaters, a nation-wide reputation, and his expenses paid. He stayed at college four years and then went back, ostensibly for a post-graduate course, in reality to play fullback until the college had time to develop a worthy successor. After two years he was allowed to go, and then an alumnus, remembering Red's career, made him a partner in his business. Fifty years later, after a happy and prosperous life founded on a football reputation, he made his last rush, and landed across the Goal Line. In other words, "he turned his face to the wall and gave up the ghost," or, if you must have it in plain English, he died. His funeral cortege was two miles long, and the Postmaster General had to hire forty-seven Mack trucks to carry the letters of condolence to relatives of the deceased.

In Red's class at high school there was a chap named Oswald. He was lean, meek-looking, serious, bulge-browed, round-shouldered, wore tortoise shell glasses, and studied until the proverbial midnight oil got tired of competing with the brilliance of his burning genius and flickered out. He also labored under the delusion that boys and girls were sent to school to acquire an education.

Well, the poor misled chap worked his head off and graduated from high school with honors. Then he went to college, and left four years later with an engraved sheepskin, half a dozen degrees, a nervous breakdown, and brain fever. He'd develop his mind until he was mentally a superman; but he'd totally neglected his body, so that the poor machine, sensing its inferiority to his mental parts, simply gave up hope and retired from active service. They buried poor Oswald with imposing ceremonies, and over his grave they erected a monument on which were inscribed these words, "Oswald McNutt, he'll never do it again."

And the moral is this: That, although schools were instituted for the purpose of supplying Ambitious Youth with an education, it's the star athlete who gets the curtain calls and bouquets, and the valedictorian who gets the cat calls and brickbats.

Every student needs to participate in some sport. High school athletics should become more generalized, and should be so far extended as to reach every boy and girl in the school, and should not be of benefit merely to a select fifty. Athletics were, after all, instituted primarily to develop the bodies and preserve the health of the students; they were not intended as a means of competition between schools or as an advertising medium for institutions of learning.

"H-m-!" said the Taxpayer. "Something's got to be done about this." And thereupon he sat down and wrote a letter to the Mayor.

T. D. D.





CHRONICLE



INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATE In the second interscholastic debate of the present year Peabody was again victorious, this time with a win over the representatives of Lowell High School.

The debate was one of the best ever held in the Peabody High School and we have every reason to be proud of the splendid efforts of our youthful orators. Representing Peabody on the negative side of the question, Resolved: That the United States Should Recognize the Soviet Government of Russia, were, Albert Lowe '26, David Cogan '25, and Robert Dennis '25, with William Lefavour as alternate. The speakers for Lowell were Francis McArdle, James Cantor and Gerald Quigley. Principal Willard W. Woodman presided. The judges were: Mr. Frederick H. Pierce, Principal of the Beverly High School; Mr. Fred C. Mitchell, Principal of the Lynn Classical High School; Mr. Ivan G. Smith, Principal of the Danvers High School.

YEAR BOOK Work on the "Meta" is now well under way and the character sketches of the individuals are practically all written. Much progress has likewise been made in the other parts of the book, the plates for the various sections being nearly finished. The staff is as follows: Faculty Advisers, Principal Willard W. Woodman and Mr. Frederick R. Manus; Thomas D. Donovan, editor-in-chief, and the following associate editors: Ruth Walker, Helen Lane, Vaino Rikkola, Lillian Rankin, Doris Larrabee, Helen Tucker, Thomas Hayes, Matthew O'Keefe, Edward Crean, Annie Clopper, Robert Dennis, Lillian Aylward, Samuel Leckar, Charles Houlden, Kathryn Altshuler, Eileen Lillis, Richard Doyle, David Cogan, James Carlin, Leslie Gardner, Marie Wentzell, Marie Nash, Marion Fessenden, Sarah Horgan, Frances Simpson, Mary Marrs, Marion Cotton, John Hallahan.

LIBRARY It is with a feeling of pride that we witness the steady increase in the contents of our library. At present it contains one thousand and one hundred and twelve volumes, besides several current periodicals. The addition of the latter has proved very beneficial to the students, for such magazines and papers contain chiefly instructive essays and discussions on many subjects, including modern international problems and the latest developments in science.

To those who have contributed so much toward making the library possible, it is gratifying to note the large number of students who avail themselves of the privilege of using this room. From September to May first, over four thousand permits were issued.

GRADUATION MUSIC Rehearsals of the music for graduation are held every Thursday morning by the Senior Class under the direction of Miss Curry. The main selection will be "The Village Blacksmith," by Henry Wardsworth Longfellow, with the musical arrangement by Charles F. Noyes. Besides this, there will be sung a short number entitled, "In the Time of Roses," and the class ode.

CERTIFICATION PRIVILEGE It is with very great satisfaction that we print the following letter to Mr. Woodman, received only a few days ago from the Secretary of the New England College Entrance Certificate Board:

Middleton, Conn., May 2, 1925.

To the Principal of the High School, Peabody, Mass.

Dear Sir: It gives me pleasure to inform you that your school has been approved by the New England College Entrance Certificate Board for four years, until December 31st, 1929.

Yours truly,

F. W. NICHOLSON,
Secretary of the Board.

HONOR PUPILS The honor pupils for graduation number ten this year, with a girl again attaining the highest place. The pupils selected are as follows: Ruth H. Walker, valedictorian; Lillian M. Aylward, salutatorian; Thomas Donovan, Richard Doyle, Marion Fessenden, John Hallahan, Thomas Hayes, Helen Lane, Doris Larrabee and Vaino Rikkola.

ESSAY CONTEST An essay contest in which all Peabody High School students were eligible, was held recently by the Firemen's Relief Association. At least one essay was sent from each English class and the winners were announced at the Fireman's Ball on April 16th. The first prize, a gold fountain pen, was won by Doris Morton, '26, with her essay, "Why the Attic is a Source of Fire Danger." Howard Batchelder, '26, secured second prize, a black Waterman's fountain pen, with his essay, "Why the Motor is Supplanting the Horse."

ORCHESTRA Scarcely consoled to the loss through death of their esteemed director, the orchestra is yet to be congratulated upon having found so capable a successor in Mr. Claude Phillips, of Beverly. The plans for a May concert will probably be given up, but aside from that, the work of Mr. Luscomb will be carried on by the new leader, both in the High School and in the junior orchestras.

SENIOR HOP The last social event of the year for the members of the class of 1925 as undergraduates, was the Senior Hop, which was held on Tuesday evening, May 5th. Committees for the dance are the following: Reception, David Cogan, chairman; Helen Tucker, Charles Houlden, Marion Welch, James Russell, Marie Nash, Richard Doyle, Elizabeth Viles, John Hallahan, Lillian Aylward; ticket, Matthew O'Keefe, chairman; William Little; Samuel Leckar; decorating, Thomas Donovan, chairman; Leslie Gardner, Ruth Walker, Lillian Rankin, James Carlin; refreshments, Edwin McDonald, chairman; Peter Kapelas, Joseph Sousa, orchestra, Charles Simpson, Charles Kenaley; check room, John Reid, Matthew Healey.

The patrons were: Principal and Mrs. Willard W. Wodoman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. King, Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Brawley, Miss Alice Teague, Miss Hazel Johnson, Miss Marie Curtis and Miss Elene Masterson.



Following the established custom of the Observer of previous years, we are printing this month the graduation program of the class of 1904:

MUSIC, (a) "King of the Forest am I" Parker
 (b) "The Bells of Seville" Jude

Chorus

SALUTATORY ESSAY, Camelot Ethel B. Randall

CONQUESTS OF PEACE Lillie I. Cullen

MUSIC Harvard Song Book

(a) "My Flo,"
 (b) "Miller's Seng"

Glee Club

COMMERCIAL STUDIES AS AN INTELLECTUAL TRAINING, Bertha M. Johnson

GREATNESS OF CAESAR Daniel F. Kelley

MUSIC, "The Lake" Abt

Chorus

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION Rose F. Perley

THE VISION OF PETER THE GREAT Anna T. Carbrey

PIANO SOLO, "Husarenritt"

Beatrice Tigh

NATIONAL MONUMENTS Mark E. Kelley

MUSIC, "Sailing" Harvard Song Book

Glee Club

VALEDICTORY ESSAY, Haec Olim Meminisse Iuvavit Ruth M. Thomas

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS AND MEDALS
 SINGING CLASS SONG

CLASS OF 1904

Classical Course

Anna Theresa Carbrey
 Lillie Isabel Cullen

Ruth May Thomas
 Daniel Francis Kelley

Latin-Scientific Course

Julia Gertrude Mahoney
 Ethel Belle Randall
 Emily Beatrice Tigh

Mary Elizabeth Osgood
 Abbie Winifred Trask
 Thomas Joseph Carroll

English Course

Margaret Louise Donovan	Leslie Phelps Cassino
Emma Louise Osborne	Wilbur Olin Smith
Rose Frances Perley	Mark Elbridge Kelley
Harold Osborn Warner	

Commercial Course

Grace Marie Dempsey	Walter Huntington Beckett
Mabel Augusta Forness	Daniel Joseph Conroy
Alice Emma Hayes	Arthur Burnham Hatch
Mary Gladys Ingraham	John Edward Martin
Bertha May Johnson	Thomas Francis Reynolds
Julia Veronica Sullivan	John Joseph Sweeney

Class Song

Four years, as a class, we have worked with a will,
 And with joy all our tasks have been done;
 Ever hopeful and earnest, we've pressed toward the goal,
 United our course we have run.

Many sunbeams have brightened the path we have trod,
 Much joy to our lives has been brought,
 With seldom a sorrow to mar our glad days,
 As for wisdom we've eagerly sought.

We know not what fate in the future awaits;
 Let our destinies be what they will,
 Whether shadowed by trials or brightened by joys,
 Let us greet them with cheerfulness still.

But since we have come where our ways must divide,
 May this our most earnest thought claim,
 To ever look onward and upward in hope,
 At a noble end always to aim.

—Mary Elizabeth Osgood.

ALUMNI NOTES

1905—Miss Elsie Chandler, now Mrs. Lawrence Newhall of Lynn, and former head of the English department of Peabody High School, was recently honored by being chosen winner of an essay contest held by the Lynn Telegram, the prize for which was a ten-days' trip to Washington. Mrs. Newhall is a graduate of Peabody High School, class of 1905, and of Tufts College, class of 1909, and for twelve years held a position as

teacher of English at the Peabody High School where she was esteemed by pupils and teachers alike.

1918—Maud Fales, '18, has accepted a position with the Daniel Low Company of Salem.

1919—Mabel Ballentine, '19 is registered with the senior class at the Boston University Theological School.

Isabel Mackinnon, '19, is employed in the Boston office of the Richard Young Company.

The marriage of Louise Doyle, '19, to Arthur Ellis, '17, was recently announced.

Theodore R. Jeffers, '19, is a member of the faculty at Brown University.

1920—Ralph Ballentine, '20, who will graduate from the Institute of Technology this year will enter the Harvard Law School for a two-year course.

Mabel Ward, '20, is employed in the office of the A. C. Lawrence Leather Company.

Robert Johnson, '20, and a graduate of Holy Cross class of '24, is a member of the faculty of the Salem High School.

Edith Haines, '20, is employed as a teller at the Warren National Bank.

John Carten, '20, and a graduate of Dartmouth College, class of '24, is enrolled as a student at the Harvard Law School.

Winnifred Waldron, '20, is employed as a bookkeeper at the telephone exchange in Salem.

1921—Mary Lane, '21, is teaching in the South School.

Ethelwyn Meagher '21, is enrolled with the senior class at Boston University.

1922—Julia Fitzmaurice, '22, has accepted a position in the office of the A. C. Lawrence Leather Company.

The marriage of Helen Nowak, '22, and Albert Dowd, '19, was recently announced.

Robert Hayes, '22, has entered his Junior year at Holy Cross College.

Maria Johnson, '22, is teaching in Haverhill.

Marguerite Smith, '22, is enrolled with the Junior class at Boston University.

Ruth Frame, '22, has accepted a position in the office of the Turner Tanning Machine Company.

The engagement is announced of Miss Dorothy Wiggin, '22, and Raymond Kenny of Salem.

1923—Peter Pappas, '23, is registered with the Sophomore class at the Massachusetts Medical School.

Pauline Lawton, '23, has accepted a position in the office of the Tenney Company, Boston.

Elizabeth Matheson, '23, is employed in the office of the telephone exchange of Salem.

Nicholas Kallelis, '23, is enrolled as a student at Northeastern University.

Nancy Barnes, '23, is attending the Leslie Normal School of Boston.

Sally Lord, '23, has entered her second year of training at the Salem Hospital.

Newell Bodge, '23, has entered the lumber business with his brother in Buffalo, New York.

Helen Porter, '23, is employed in the office of the telephone exchange of Salem.

1924—Rosella Nowak, '24, is employed as secretary to the Feabody Chamber of Commerce.

Dorothy Lord, '24, has accepted a position with the Old Colony Trust Company of Boston.

Mabel Riley, '24, is employed in the office of the A. C. Lawrence Com-

Rose Salloway, '24, is enrolled at the Catherine Gibbs Secretarial School of Boston.

William Eagan, '24, is attending the evening course at the Northeastern University.

Lillian Salloway, '24, is employed in the office of the Korn Leather Factory.

1925—Esther Leach, '25, is now attending Hollywood High School in Florida.

1926—Percival Bennett, '26, is continuing his studies at the Lynn Classical High School.

Ivan Churchill, '26, is pitching excellently for the York High School, where he is now studying. In a recent game with Eliot High School, Churchill held his opponents to four hits and secured eight strikeouts.

EXCHANGES

We wish to acknowledge receipt of: Red and Gray, Lynn English High; The Oracle, Manchester High; Green and White, Essex Aggie; The Holten, Danvers High; The Periscope, Winslow High; The Whittier Town Sentinel, Amesbury.



PEABODY 17, BEVERLY 1

Peabody started off its baseball season by a sweeping victory over Beverly. Callahan starred for Peabody by his invincible pitching. In six innings but one hit was allowed the Beverly team. The whole Peabody team worked together like a machine and gave Callahan excellent support. Solly Beres played a good game at short, and relieved Callahan in the box at the first of the seventh inning. Berryman and Ned Donovan played first and second like veterans and showed up well at bat. Captain Ralph McCarthy played better than ever at third and batted creditably. Feighery, Dan Donovan and Weinstein made up an outfield as good as can be found in the league. Bongette showed up well behind the bat. The heavy hitting of Peabody was the feature of the game.

PEABODY

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Feighery, cf.....	5	2	0	0	0

E. Donovan, 2b.....	5	2	3	1	1
Beres, ss.....	5	2	2	2	2
McCarthy, 3b.....	5	3	0	0	0
Bongette, c.....	4	2	12	0	0
Callahan, p.....	4	1	0	2	0
Berryman, 1b.....	5	4	8	0	0
Dan Donovan, lf.....	5	2	0	0	0
Weinstein, rf.....	4	0	2	1	0
Totals	43	18	27	6	3

BEVERLY

	ab	bh	po	e	e
Porter, cf.....	4	0	1	0	1
Entwistle, 1b.....	3	0	11	0	0
Ober, ss.....	4	0	2	1	2
LaPointe, 3b.....	3	1	1	4	0
Batchelder, c.....	3	0	4	0	0
Foley, 2b.....	3	0	3	2	0
Kulick, rf.....	3	1	1	0	0
Kenney, lf.....	3	0	0	0	0
Gastonquay, p.....	2	1	0	2	1
Bonner, p.....	1	1	1	0	3
Totals	29	4	24	9	7

Innings1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Peabody4	0	1	0	5	2	0	5	—17
Beverly0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1

Runs made by—Feighery 2, E. Donovan 1, Beres 2, McCarthy 4, Bogette 2, Callahan 2, Berryman 2, Dan Donovan 1, Weinstein 1, Kenney. Two-base hits—Beres, Bongette 2, Berryman. Stolen bases—Beres, Callahan 2, Berryman 3, D. Donovan, Gastonquay, Bonner, Porter. Sacrifice hits—E. Donovan, Callahan. Base on balls—Beres 1, Bonner 2, Gastonquay 3. Struck out—Callahan 12, Beres 2, Bonner 1, Gastonquay 1. Double plays—Ned Donovan to Beres to Berryman. Passed balls—Batchelder, Weinstein. Wild pitches—Gastonquay, Callahan. Time—2.25. Umpire—Gus Daum.

Callahan, p3	0	1	1	0	5	0
Berryman, 1b3	1	1	1	10	0	0
D. Donovan, lf4	2	2	2	1	0	0
Anderson, rf3	0	1	2	1	0	0
Totals33	7	5	6	27	12	0

LYNN CLASSICAL

		ab	r	bh	tb	po	a	e
Wilson, 3b3	0	1	1	1	1	0	0
Putney, cf3	0	0	0	4	0	0	0
Michaelson, 2b4	0	1	1	2	1	0	0
Routhouska, ss3	0	0	0	4	4	2	0
Maxfield, lf4	1	1	4	1	0	0	0
McGinn, rf4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Dwyer, 1b2	1	0	0	8	0	1	0
*Snyder1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Shanosky, c3	2	2	8	7	1	0	0
Rowe, p3	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals30	4	5	14	27	8	3	0

PEABODY 7, LYNN CLASSICAL 4

April 25 Peabody went to Lynn and defeated Classical by a score of 7 to 4. Classical played a good game, but the Peabody team staged a batting rally in the sixth inning which netted five runs and a victory for Peabody. Callahan's pitching was as nearly perfect as is to be found among school-boy teams and his speed kept the Lynn boys from doing any damage beyond the three home runs of Maxfield and Shanosky. Peabody played errorless ball and gave Callahan excellent support. The game was featured by the good batting of Peabody in the fifth and sixth innings and the three homers collected by Lynn. Judging from the results of the first two games, many are viewing Peabody as prospective champions of the league.

Innings1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Classical0	2	0	1	0	0	1	0	0—4
Peabody0	0	1	1	0	5	0	0	0—7

*Batted for Dwyer in 9th.

Two base hit—Anderson. Home runs—Shanosky 2, Maxfield. Sacrifice hits—Putney, Bongette, Callahan, Berryman, Anderson. Stolen bases—Dwyer, McCarthy, Berryman. Double plays—Callahan to Donovan to Berryman. First base on balls—off Rowe 1; off Callahan 3. Struck out—by Rowe 7; by Callahan 8. Wild pitch—Rowe 1. Time—1.59. Umpire—George Kelley.

PEABODY—WINTHROP

In the sixth inning of the game with Winthrop, played in Peabody on May 2, Pitcher Rock of Winthrop made a balk after which the entire Winthrop team, following a long dispute, left the field. The umpire then awarded the game to Peabody.

Peabody was leading in that inning 6 to 4 and was just beginning to hit the offerings of Pitcher Rock.

Captain Ralph McCarthy of Peabody starred for Peabody, knocking in

PEABODY HIGH

		ab	r	bh	tb	po	a	e
Feighery, cf5	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
E. Donovan, 2b4	0	0	0	2	4	0	0
Sol Beres, ss4	1	0	0	3	2	0	0
McCarthy, 3b4	2	0	0	0	1	0	0
Bongette, c3	1	0	0	9	0	0	0

three runs in the third inning on a long double.

The box score:

PEABODY

	ab	r	bh	tb	po	a	e
Feigherty, cf.....	3	1	1	0	2	0	0
N. Donovan, 2b.....	3	2	0	0	2	0	0
Beres, ss.....	3	1	1	1	0	1	2
McCarthy, 3b.....	3	0	1	2	0	0	0
Bongette, c.....	3	1	0	3	8	1	0
Russell, p.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Berryman, 3b.....	3	1	0	0	2	0	0
D. Donovan, lf.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Anderson, rf.....	3	0	0	0	2	0	0
Callahan, p.....	2	0	1	0	1	0	0
Totals	27	6	4	6	18	2	2

WINTHROP

	ab	r	bh	tb	po	a	e
Baker, ss.....	4	1	2	4	2	0	1
McGargile, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lothrop, 1b.....	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
DeLorey, c.....	3	0	0	0	7	0	0
Rock, p.....	3	0	0	0	0	2	0
Trainor, 3b.....	3	1	0	0	2	0	1
Saggaesse, cf.....	3	1	0	0	0	2	0
Carnecelli, lf.....	3	1	2	2	2	1	0
Rex, rf.....	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Nelson, cf.....	1	0	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	31	4	4	6	16	7	2
Innings		1	2	3	4	5	6
Peabody		0	0	3	0	1	2—6
Winthrop		1	0	2	0	0	1—4

Two base hits—McCarthy, Rock.

Three base hit—Bongette. Hits—Off Russell 2, Rock 4, Callahan 2. Sacrifice hits—Russell. Stolen bases—Rock. First base on balls—Off Rock 4, off Russell 3, off Callahan 1. Hit by pitcher—Saggaesse. Struck out—by Callahan 4, Russell 2, Rock 6. Umpire—Johnson of Salem.

*One out when umpire forfeited game.

PEABODY 5—LYNN ENGLISH 4

Peabody defeated Lynn English on May 6 in a closely contested game played at Barry Park, Lynn.

McCarthy again featured the play of the Peabody team with three hits. He also accepted seven chances in the field without an error.

The score:

PEABODY

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Feigherty, cf.....	4	1	2	0	0
Prendible, rf.....	1	0	1	0	0
Donovan, 2b.....	2	0	0	0	0
Beres, ss.....	4	1	1	2	0
McCarthy, 3b.....	4	3	3	4	0
Bongette, c.....	4	0	6	0	0
Callahan, p.....	2	0	0	3	1
Berryman, 1b.....	4	0	13	0	0
D. Donovan, lf.....	4	1	1	0	0
Anderson, rf, 2b.....	4	0	0	2	0
Totals	33	6	27	11	1

LYNN ENGLISH

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Sweeney, ss.....	4	0	2	6	0
Fogarty, 2b.....	4	0	0	1	1
Pacewitz, 1b.....	5	0	14	0	0
Gold, cf.....	4	3	0	0	0
Beringham, lf.....	4	2	0	0	0
Lavan, rf.....	3	0	1	0	0
Margon, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0
Hymanson, 3b.....	3	2	0	4	0
Ailanson, c.....	4	0	10	0	0
Gaffney, p.....	3	0	0	0	0
Gibbons, p.....	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	26	7	27	11	1

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Peabody	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	0	0—5
Lynn English ..	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0—4

Runs made by—Feigherty, Beres, McCarthy, Callahan, Donovan, Sweeney, Fogarty, Gold, Beringham. Stolen bases—Feigherty, McCarthy 2, Callahan, Sweeney, Gold. Sacrifice hits—Dunney. Struck out—Callahan 5, Gaffney 5, Gibbons 3. Bases on balls

PEABODY 6—WINTHROP 4

—Callahan 1, Gaffney 4. Hit by pitched ball—Sweeney, Fogarty by Callahan. Umpire—O'Brien.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Peabody	1	1	0	0	0	2	3	0	2—9
Marblehead	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—5

Runs made by—Beres, Berryman, Bongette 2, McCarthy, Callahan, Chipplinsky, Donovan, Anderson, Eustis, Perkins 2, Adams, Cronin. Two base hits—Perkins, Beres. Three base hits—Bongette. Stolen bases—Berryman, McCarthy 2, Callahan, Eustis, Perkins, Cronin. Sacrifice hits—Dunney. Base on balls—Chiplinsky 2, Robarts 3. Struck out—Chiplinsky 5, Russell 3, Robarts 4 Hit by pitched ball—Cronin hit by Chipplinsky. Umpire—O'Brien.

PEABODY 9—MARBLEHEAD 5

On May 7 the Peabody High team travelled to Marblehead, where a fifth win was annexed by a 9—5 score. The game brought to light a fighting spirit that ought to bring many victories before the present season has passed.

After trailing for five innings, Peabody came to the fore in the sixth, scoring two runs, thus making the count even. Three more in the seventh and two in the ninth, made victory certain and the Peabody boys continue with an unsmirched record.

The score:

PEABODY

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Feigherty, cf.....	5	1	4	0	0
Beres, ss.....	4	2	1	2	1
Berryman, 1b.....	3	1	5	0	1
Bongette, 1b.....	2	1	4	0	0
McCarthy, 3b.....	5	3	0	2	0
Callahan, rf.....	5	1	1	0	0
Chiplinsky, p.....	1	0	0	1	0
Russell, p.....	3	1	0	1	0
Donovan, lf.....	4	1	3	0	0
Anderson, 2b.....	4	1	0	1	1
Dunney, c.....	3	2	9	0	0
Totals	39	14	27	7	3

MARBLEHEAD

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Eustis, 1b.....	4	0	11	0	2
Perkins, 3b.....	5	3	2	1	0
Adams, ss.....	5	1	0	1	0
Snow, c.....	4	0	6	0	0
Robarts, p.....	5	1	0	2	0
Brady, lf.....	4	1	3	0	0
Smethurst, 2b.....	4	1	1	4	0
Cronin, rf.....	3	0	2	0	0
Lynch, cf.....	3	0	2	0	0
Totals	37	7	27	8	2

PEABODY 6—CHELSEA 4

Peabody High outscores Chelsea High school, 6 to 4, in the North Shore league game at Carter field, Chelsea. Peabody started strong and was leading, 5 to 0, when Chelsea rallied in the seventh and tallied four times before being stopped. Chelsea's weak point was at short, where Freedman made three errors. The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Chelsea	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0—4
Peabody	0	3	0	2	0	0	0	1	0—6

Runs made by Berryman 2, Bongette, D. Donovan, Callahan, Beres, Smith, Sacho, Goodman, Plager; two-base hit, Berryman; home run, Bongette; stolen bases, Smith 2, Howell, Plager, Rosenbaum; sacrifice hit, Rosentein; base on balls by Callahan 3; struck out by Sacho 3, by Callahan 10; double play, Plager and Goodman; hit by pitched ball, by Callahan (Rosenbaum). Time, two hours, 45 minutes. Umpire, Daum.

Batting averages to date:

Name	G	AB	H	Ave.
Francis Dunney, c	1	3	2	.667
Ralph McCarthy, 3b	5	20	11	.520
Francis Berryman, 1b	5	18	7	.389
Daniel Donovan, lf	5	19	6	.316
Soloman Beres, ss	5	19	6	.316
John Bongette, c	5	17	4	.235
John Callahan, p	5	14	3	.214
Edward Donovan, 2b	4	14	3	.214
Edward Anderson, rf	4	14	3	.214
James Russell, p	2	5	1	.200
John Feighery, cf	5	21	4	.190
Stanley Chiplinsky, p	1	1	0	.000
Richard Prentible, rf	1	1	0	.000
Barnett Weinstein, c, rf	1	4	0	.000
Total		170	50	
Team Average				.294

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